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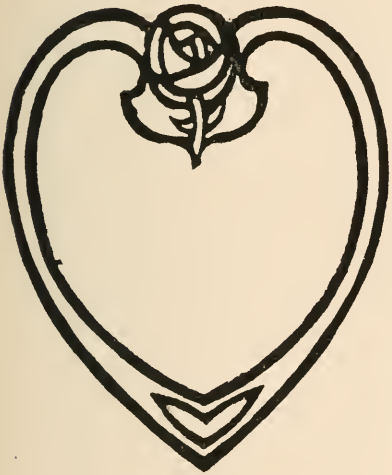
THE WHITE ROSE ANTHOLOGY: LYRICS OF REVERENTIAL LOVE

THE WHITE ROSE ANTHOLOGY



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PREFACE

In offering this and its companion volumes to the public, the Publisher does not profess to give a representative selection of English Love Lyrics. His aim has been to gather merely a few of the choicest blooms.

Under the "White Rose" will be found lyrics of Love Reverential.

Thanks are due to the late Mr W. E. Henley for permission to take from "Hawthorn and Lavender" his song "It was a Bowl of Roses."

A WHITE ROSE

"The red rose whispers of passion,
And the white rose breathes of love;
O, the red rose is the falcon,
And the white rose is a dove.

But I send you a cream-white rosebud
With a flush on its petal tips;
For the love that is purest and sweetest
Has a kiss of desire on the lips."

John Boyle O'Reilly.

THE WHITE ROSE ANTHOLOGY

I

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There we will sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of
roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of
myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we
pull,
Fair linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber
studs:
And if these pleasures may thee
move,
Come live with me and be my
Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and
me.

The shepherd swains shall dance
and sing

For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

Christopher Marlowe.

II

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when Thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

P. B. Shelley.

III

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden;
Thou needest not fear mine;

My spirit is too deeply laden
  Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion;
  Thou needest not fear mine;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
  With which I worship thine.

P. B. Shelley.

IV

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river
  And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
  With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single,
  All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
  Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
  And the waves clasp one another;

No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdain'd its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

P. B. Shelley.

V

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying:
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a-getting
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;

But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go marry:
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Robert Herrick.

VI

Nay but you, who do not love her,
Is she not pure gold, my mistress?
Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her?
Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,
And this last fair tress of all,
So fair, see, ere I let it fall?

Because, you spend your lives in praising;
To praise, you search the wide world over:

Then why not witness, calmly gazing,
If earth holds aught — speak truth—above her?
Above this tress, and this, I touch
But cannot praise, I love so much!

Robert Browning.

VII

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like Thee;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me:
When, as if its sounds were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep:

So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

Lord Byron.

VIII

TO ELECTRA

I dare not ask a kiss,
I dare not beg a smile,
Lest having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissèd thee.

Richard Herrick.

IX

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

Colonel Lovelace.

X

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee

As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

Ben Jonson.

XI

Weep you no more, sad fountains:—
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my Sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets:—
Doth not the sun rise smiling,
When fair at even he sets?
—Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!

Melt not in weeping!
While She lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies,
Sleeping!

Anonymous.

XII

Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again—
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain!

William Shakespeare.

XIII

SILVIA

Who is Silvia? what is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The Heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
  That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
  Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

William Shakespeare.

XIV

  Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
  That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

  Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
  That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Edmund Waller.

XV

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so charmed my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,

Beguiles my heart and know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range,
Her country, so my love doth change:
But change the earth, or change the sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

Anonymous.

XVI

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know
By the name of ANNABEL LEE;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and *she* was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea:

But we loved with a love that
was more than love—
I and my ANNABEL LEE;
With a love that the winged
seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that,
long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chill-
ing
My beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
So that her highborn kinsmen
came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in
heaven,
Went envying her and me—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all
men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the
cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my ANNA-
BEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by
far than the love
Of those who were older than
we—
Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven
above,
Nor the demons down under
the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from
the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL
LEE:

For the moon never beams with-
out bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise, but I
see the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie
down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my
life and my bride,
In her sepulchre there by the
sea,
In her tomb by the side of the
sea.

Edgar Allan Poe.

XVII

One word is often too profaned
  For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdain'd
  For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair
  For prudence to smother,
And Pity from thee more dear,
  Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;
  But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
  And the Heavens reject not,
The desire of the moth for the
    star,
  Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
  From the sphere of our sorrow?

P. B. Shelley.

XVIII

She walks in Beauty, like the
    night
  Of cloudless climes and starry
    skies,

And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which Heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er the face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,

But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

Lord Byron.

XIX

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!

Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

William Wordsworth.

XX

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea, on yonder lea;
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy shield shall be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert was a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign;
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

Robert Burns.

XXI

ASK ME NO MORE

Ask me no more: the moon may
draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from
heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain
or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I
answered thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: what answer
should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or
faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not
have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should
bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more: thy fate and
mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream
and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to
the main:

No more, dear love, for at a
touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

Lord Tennyson.

XXII

TO LUCASTA, GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or
swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suage
The foaming blue-god's rage;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt
us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls:

Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown; and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

Colonel Lovelace.

XXIII

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings.
He takes his window for the East,
And to implore your light, he sings—
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn!

Sir William Davenant.

XXIV

A MORNING SONG

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies;
And wishing Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin:
My lady sweet arise;
Arise! arise!

William Shakespeare.

XXV

Diaphenia like the daffa-down-
dilly,
White as snow, fair as the lily,
Heigh-ho, how I do love thee!
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovèd of their dams:
How blest were I if thou
would'st prove me?

Diaphenia like the spreading
roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets
encloses,
Fair sweet how I do love thee!
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power,
For dead, thy breath to life
might move me.

Diaphenia like to all things
blessèd,
When all thy praises are ex-
pressèd,
Dear joy, how I do love thee!
As the birds do love the spring:
Or the bees their careful king,
Then in requite, sweet virgin,
love me.

Henry Constable.

XXVI

CA' THE YOWES TO THE KNOWES.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
Ca' them where the heather grows,
Ca' them where the burnie rows,
My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad;
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
And ca'd me his dearie.

'Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide
Beneath the hazels spreading wide?
The moon it shines fu' clearly.'

'Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.'

'I ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,

And ye may row me in your plaid,
  And I sall be your dearie.'

'While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae
    hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blin'
    my e'e,
  Ye aye sall be my dearie!'

Isobel Pagan.

XXVII

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

It is the miller's daughter,
  And she is grown so dear, so
    dear,
That I would be the jewel
  That trembles in her ear:
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and
    white.

And I would be the girdle
  About her dainty, dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against
    me,
  In sorrow and in rest:

And I should know if it beat right
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
All day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter and her sighs:
And I would be so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasped at night.

Lord Tennyson.

XXVIII

My faint spirit was sitting in the light
Of the looks, my love;
It panted for thee like the hind at noon
For the brooks, my love.
My barb whose hoofs outspeed the tempest's flight
Bore thee far from me;
My heart, for my weak feet were weary soon,
Did companion thee.

Ah ! fleeter far than fleetest
storm or steed,
Or the death they bear,
The heart which tender thought
clothes like a dove
With the wings of care;
In the battle, in the darkness, in
the need,
Shall mine cling to thee,
Nor claim one smile for all the
comfort, love,
It may bring to thee.

P. B. Shelley.

XXIX
WISHES TO HIS SUPPOSED MISTRESS

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart
and me;

Where'er she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread
our earth;

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which
to shine:

—Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-
tie:

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest:

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand
sets ope.

Sidneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose
powers
Can crown old Winter's head
with flowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright
Or give down to the wings of
    Night.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that
    lowers.

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of
    sorrow:

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, "Wel-
    come, friend."

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my
    vows;

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see:
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here
Lo! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye;
Be ye my fictions:—but her story.

Richard Crashaw.

XXX

Thou hast not rais'd, Ianthe, such desire
In any breast as thou hast raised in mine.
No wandering meteor now, no marshy fire,
Leads on my steps, but lofty, but divine:
And, if thou chillest me, as chill thou dost
When I approach too near, too boldly gaze,

So chills the blushing morn, so chills the host
Of vernal stars, with light more chaste than days.

W. S. Landor.

XXXI

It was a bowl of roses:
There in the light they lay,
Languishing, glorying, glowing
Their life away.

And the soul of them rose like a presence,
Into me crept and grew,
And filled me with something—Some one—
O, was it you?

W. E. Henley.

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